The present generation of public men, as

which he figures most rediculously-made for a democratic evening newspaper of

New York by Opper, one of the funniest of the funny artists. The President is said to have devoted an hour to the collection

of cartoons, and to have emitted many

Vice President Roosevelt laughs with the atmost heartiness over most of the car-

onally acquainted with most of the car

conists, so that the humor of their work

has an added weight of appeal to him. The newspaper men who accompanied Mr.

circle during the campaign last fall say

that whenever they heard an unusual vol-ume of laughter from the compartment of

the vice presidential candidate they knew that Mr. Roosevelt had got hold of a batch

of newspapers containing uproarlously idi-otic cartoons of himself. The cartoonists

accentuation of the proportions of his teeth particularly amused him, although when

e was a police commissioner in New York

and in that capacity came in for a good deal of caricaturing, he was at first some-

what surprised to discover that his teeth

formed so striking a feature of his physi-

ognomy. "I will tell you anything proper for the public to know," he would say to

newspaper interviewers at that time, "if, in heaven's name, you will only leave my teeth out of the stuff you write. What have my molars got to do with the conduct of the New York police department?" And then he would smile so that his really fine

then he would smile so that his really fine.

if prominent, teeth would flash out, and the newspaper men would have a lot of dif-

Roosevelt is not at all sensitive as to those

teeth, as, indeed, he has no reason to be. On the contrary, he has had a lot of fun

Secretary Gage smiles dreamily over the

full mustache rise with the smile beneath

General Miles has enjoyed the cartooning to which he has been subject for a good many years. He is so impressive-looking a

chortle over the funny caricatures that were made of him during the controversy

over the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that

he has a high appreciation of the humor (if not the invariable good taste) of American

cartoonists. Speaker Henderson's rubicund countenance has always been wreathed in

smiles when he has gazed upon the funny drawings the artists have made of him, and Mr. Cannon was often observed during the last session with a stack of Illinois pa-

he cartoons made of him since his entry

The public men of today have been educated up to the carfoon idea. When universal caricaturing of big men was comparatively a new idea some of the most discovered to the caricaturing of the large artists.

tinguished subjects of the humorous artists'

pencils quite often got sore over the car-

oons. Roscoe Conkling-who had a de-

cided sense of humor, despite an erroneous impression to the contrary, produced by his almost exalted public dignity—did not

like the cartoons that were made of him, even by the most eminent cartoonists, such

as the late Keppler. The reason Conkling objected to them was that he was almost

invariably represented in a turkey-cock, conceited posture, or else in a domineering,

arrogant attitude. Mr. Blaine highly ap-preciated the factoons of himself from a

humorous point of yiew, yet, as a states-man skilled in the art of measuring the ef-fect of such things, he felt that these car-toons had an unfavorable effect upon his

political fortunes. The "plumed knight" cartoons generally moved him to laughter,

and, while he instantly perceived how cal-

dency the "tattooed man" cartoons were, he couldn't restrain his smiles over some

It is natural enough for those who en-

oy cartoons of public men to imagine that

the cartoonists are inspired by the most

malignant feelings toward the eminent

figures whom they hold up to public laughter, if not obloquy, with their pen-clis. Nothing could be farther from the

truth, however. Men of artistic instincts

are not often partisans in politics, and

most of the best-known cartonists of this country for the past quarter of a century have, as a matter of fact, been neutrals in politics. Cartonists are in the employ of publications of differing political strings and they have to "follow

employ of publications of differing po-litical stripes, and they have to "follow copy." They do the work they are in-structed to do by their employers. They conceive the ideas and execute the stripe ideas and

man's politics is never inquired into. It is not essential for the purpose for which he is employed that he shall be in unison with the policy of his newspaper in po-litical affairs. He does the work laid out

for him. It is the same with the car-toonist. The best cartoonists in this coun-

try are a high-grade and well-paid lot of

thing for them to stretch their legs under the mahogany of the very public men whom their pencils picture the most unc-

Rivers Under the Sea.

A few months ago Mr. H. Benest, a

ing study of streams of fresh water flow

ing beneath the surface of the sea.

English geographer, published an interest-

Disasters to ocean telegraph cables first

called attention to this subject. On sev-

eral occasions, about 1895, a new and well-

made cable between Cape Verde and Bra-

zil broke. Soundings were made to dis-

cover whether these breakings were due

to the state of the sea bottom, and it was

found that the place in question was near

the submarine mouth of a subterranean river; the alluvial material transported by

this fresh water stream encountered the cable and finally succeeded in breaking it. The fact is that a river that flows into

The fact is that a river that flows into the lagoons of Yof, on the coast of Senegal, is finally lost in the sand. It undoubtedly has taken its invisible course to the sea, and it is this river that has been discovered in the deep hollow of more than 1,300 meters (\$270 feet) that is traversed by the Brazilian cable. Also, while the cable was being repaired at a point twenty-four kilometers (fifteen miles) from the shore the repair ship was surrounded.

the shore the repair ship was surrounded

one day by orange skins, calabashes and bits of cloth which could not have come from the mouth of the Senegal river, 140 kilometers (ninety miles) distant.

Expense of New Shoe Toe Shapes.

"The uniformity in the style of toes has

done a good deal to reconcile the manufac-

turer to the close margins on which he is

doing business," said a leading shoe man.
"For instance, when a radical change of
toe comes up, such as we had when the

London toe was changed to the Piccadilly toe, the coin to the dime and subsequently to the razor and needle toe, it compelled to the razor and needle toe, it compelled

manufacturers to equip their factories with entirely new lasts and at an expense not infrequently of \$2,000 or more where a factory was large. When that ugly abomination was discarded (and, we trust, for all time) all manufacturers were compelled to change their entires were

From the Shoe and Leather Reporter.

From the Ohio State Jo

nen, and it is not at all an uncor

tuously or even bitterly.

From La Nature.

culated to injure his prospects for the pres

ficulty to restrain their chuckles.

with them.

nto public life.

Roosevelt on his big swing around

huckles as he turned the pages.



"I witnessed a marriage the other day in which the bride and groom both live within fifty miles of Washington, yet neither have ever seen a steam or electric car." said a drummer to a Star reporter. "You will no doubt be surprised when I tell you there are hundreds of people living over in Virginia who have 'never been to town.' But to the marriage. During a recent trip one of the friends of the groom met me in a country store and cordially extended an invitation to take a drive across country to witness the 'hitc...n'.' I very gladly availed myself of the opportunity, and we arrived at our destination in good time. The neighborhood was well represented, the male contingent being congregated in the barn, where a barrel of hard cider was on tap. We were soon notified that the ceremony was about to take place, and we all filed into the 'best' room. I shall never forget the appearance of the contracting parties. The groom was an undersized though power ully built young fellow. He was dressed in a pair of jean overalls, a stiff shirt, no collar, a fancy old-time vest, but no coat. The bride, who was at least six feet in height, was dressed in a calico wrapper, a piece of pink ribbon around her neck, a little old-fashioned bonnet on her head, but barefooted. After the ceremony the happy couple received the congratulations of the assembled company, every man and woman present kissing the bride. Pretty soon one of the guests brought out a violin and dancing was indulged in the rest of the evening. When I expressed my surprise that the bride should be barefooted I was told that there were lots of women in that section that had never known what it was to wear

Last week, at Trinity Hall, Harvard, one of the dormitories caught fire and was completely destroyed in spite of the efforts of the Cambridge firemen. It was a lively scene for the students who gathered in large numbers to witness the efforts of the firemen to quench the flames

One of the students from Washington writes of some amusing adventures conneeted with this occurrence. He says: "All the fellows turned in and helped get things out of the building, and there were wild scenes. One man leaped into a room which was full of smoke and knee-deep with water, and finding a piano played "Fair Harvard" on it, to the great joy of all be-holders. Another man jumped from a second-story window into a blanket. Another, who was a genius in his way, wrapped a string around a cake of soap and lowered it to the sidewalk with great care."

A party of former experts in such matters were discussing, the other night, the various queer effects over-indulgence in alcoholic spirits have upon different people.

masters, "the ardent used to act in sundry peculiar ways, and one was that it would make me very crafty. Sometimes I'd wake up and be unable to find any of my portable possessions in my clothes, and only manage to locate them after a search of my room, wherever it happened to be, in all sorts of places, carefully hidden away. The money I have thus put away and never been able to locate would amount. I think, to a good deal, but in one instance this phase of insanity proved a life saver.

"The banner we had been carrying, for I had a chum at this time, was pretty well frayed out and our uniforms were in such a condition that there was only one pair of respectable trousers in our mutual ward-robe. When Elmer-that was my partner's name-wanted to present a good appear-ance those trousers would be his, and when I desired to dike out they would clad my nether limbs. One morning we both awak-ened-it was out in Seattle-penniless and ereditless, thirsty and hungry. To alleviate our distress, at least temporarily, we de-termined to sell that pair of trousers to a second-hand Malay around on West street.

Preparatory to sallying out to make the
sale we concluded to see if anything was in the pockets. I did the searching. Side and hips developed nothing, but in the fob pocket my finger touched something.
""'Here's a laundry ticket of yours, El.

I remarked, satirically, pulling out the ticle. Then I nearly fainted. It was a \$20

You must have cached it the night you beat the bank,' said Elmer after our hilari-

ous hugging match was over.
"That twenty," continued the narrator,
"was the turning point in our career in that section of the country. We spruced up took the sober lay and Elmer got a good thing surveying a township and I fell into a steady newspaper ob. Dickens knows what would have become of us if my boozing craftiness had not planted such a bo-

"Picking eggs may be indulged in by the boys of the present day, but my observation is that the boys do not give as much attention to it as the boys of fifty years ago did," remarked an old citizen to a Star reporter. "In those days the boys got their picking eggs ready several weeks before Easter. There were all kinds of processes in vogue those days for hardening eggs, but it may be that some of the modern methods, of which I know nothing, are an improvement on the ways of long ago. Resining an egg-that is, rubbing powdered resin carefully into the shell-was one of the ways, and some of the boys were quite successful in it. Soaking an egg in a strong solution of lime was another way and often produced a very hard shell. But the best way that I ever knew to harden an egg shell was to bury it for several weeks in the ground. It is best to put the egg into a clay soil. The egg was buried so deep that practically no air could reach it. Three or even two weeks of such treat-

ment hardened the shell very considerably and increased its value for picking pur-poses. There were a number of chemicals that were applied to the shells by some, but none of them ever hardened any eggs for me as thoroughly as burying them in the ground. Two weeks may be enough, but three weeks is much better. Very often burying an egg in that way preserved it, though preservation was secondary to hardening the shell."

"It is an old saying that our foresight is not as good as our hindsight," explained a well-known citizen to a Star reporter, "and the Illustrations of it are so many that it would be useless to recount them, even if it were possible to do so. This saying was very thoroughly impressed on me a few weeks since, during a visit to a factory which is engaged in manufacturing fountain pens. The ordinary person can have but a slight idea of the enormous quantity of fountain pens that are sold. There are dozens of makes, all of them more or less good and many of them almost perfect. They can be found in every stationery and many other stores in almost every city in the world. There are more of them lost than worn out, for it is surprising how long any of the fountain pens of popular makes old out. Once men or women get into the habit of using a fountain pen they rarely ever give it up. Now it happens that I invented the first fountain pen which was practical as far as the use of it was concerned. This was in 1850. Prior to that here was a fountain pen known as Price's Protean pen on the market, but it worked rather unsatisfactorily. I took my invention to the leading patent lawyer in Washington then and asked his advice about getting a patent for it. He gave me no encouraged me. From him I went to a patent agency which did a patent business exclusively. I knew the manager personally and I regarded him as a man of excellent judgment. He coincided with the patent lawyer I had consulted. He convinced me, judgment. hough somewhat against my judgment, that the people at large did not want a fountain pen. He argued that as pens were so cheap people would not spend the amount of money which was necessary to buy a pen. Gutta percha as known fountain day had not been invented then, and but little was even known of India rubber, for Mr. Goodyear was here then, busy with his experiments, on which he secured his rub-ber patents afterward. Mr. Goodyear himself did not enthuse on a fountain pen. and thought with the others that the world did not want any relief from the ordinary steel pen which then had just supplanted the quill pen. Of course, I dropped the matter and turned my attention to mining, for the discovery of gold in California was at that time the sensation of the day. But if I ever strike on another invention, in view of my experience in this, I will only consult a patent lawyer in regard to a patent, and not for any advice in the matter of its use or value."

"The first thing a man ought to learn in trying to become a barber," said a follower of the tonsorial art, "is the careful handling of his razor so that he will not cut a customer. I never saw a good barber in my life who couldn't move a razor quickly and safely from any part of a man's face or neck at the first sign of a bad movement by the man. Take, for instance, a man who is about to sneeze in the chair, and the desire comes upon him so suddenly he has no time to make a warning movement to the barber. Well, a good barber would have his razor off that man's face before the movement of the man in the chair had hardly begun. A great many men are careless in moving themselves in barber these men would often cause themselves to be cut. A cus opens his mouth to talk just at the wrong time and does many other careless things. I will always remember one case of trouble being cautious. I had shop near the old Star building and one lay a man I knew walked in to get shaved. He had a queer look in his face and eyes. When I began shaving him he moved un-easily in his chair and suddenly jumped up from his reclining position and made a grab for my razor. I removed it in time.

A few minutes later he asked me to let him look at the razor. I told him that it was all right and refused to let him have it. That same afternoon the fellow blew his brains out in the presence of three friends who were in a cab with him. Now, suppose he had succeeded in getting my razor and had cut his throat in my chair? I was the only barber in the shop at the time and there was not another soul in the room. It might have cost me hundreds of dollars to prove my innocence, and even then I might have been misjudged then I might have been misjudged. The fellow had made up his mind to kill himself and tried to get my razor for the purpose. Another time I was shaving a drunken man He had gone partly to sleep while I was shaving. It seems that he was a dreaming and imagined something. while I was shaving. It seems that he was dreaming and imagined something. At any rate, he sprang suddenly out of the chair. I was shaving his neck at the time and I could almost have sworn that I had cut his neck. When I looked there was not a scratch, and this was due to my rapid movement in jerking the razor

Senator Platt of Connecticut is represented as having had lots of quiet fun a few nights ago out of a new and inexperienced reporter. The senator received the card of the reporter at his hotel and ordered the young man shown to his rooms. The young fellow, who had just begun newspaper work, asked Senator Platt all about his opposition to the appointment of Col. William Corey Sanger as assistant secretary of war. Senator Platt's great dignity occasionally unbends to the humorous side of things, and he at once saw a chance for some fun. Of course, the reporter had an idea he was talking to Sena-tor Platt of New York. The Connecticut senator proceeded to give the reporter an interview that almost took away the breath of the young man. The interview loudly sang the praises of Sanger and pictured him as being the only man on earth for

After about ten minutes the reporter timidly asked, "Why, haven't you changed your opinion in this matter?" Platt then explained who he was, while the young man sat in state of confusion.

Smythe-"I wonder what idiot originated the phrase, 'There's no accounting for

Tompkins-"Why?" Smythe-"Because I'd like to get at him. I've just been accounting to the milliner

and dressmaker for my wife's taste."-Tit

away.



No, this not a dreadful accident. He is simply tightening a nut or something, and

# SPRING POEMS BELOW PAR THEY ENJOY, CARICATURES

The tall, cadaverous man in the seedy black clothes and with the suspicious-looking roll under his arm coughed hollowly as he pushed his lank form past the boy at the door and entered the editorial sanc-

"I have here," he began in a sepulchral one, "a spring-"Have, hey?" interrupted the editor, puffing away at his corncob and not so much as looking up from his desk. "Well, we can't handle it. Stopped using verse alte-

gether."

"this is a spring-" "It don't make any difference to me whether it's written by Kipling or Tim Sullivan or Terry McGovern or Edward the

"But." remarked the cadaverous visitor,

Seventh," cut in the editor. "We're not using any kind of poetry, much less spring poetry. Try the low, loathed rag across the street. It's liable to use any old thing."

The lank man again coughed hollowly and stood silent for a moment.

But, sir." he resumed, "If I could but

engage your attention for a moment, I should like to show you a spring—"
"Now, look a-here," said the proprietor of the sanctum, at last looking up, "it's perfectly foolish for you to talk about engaging my attention for a moment or any infinitesimal fraction of a moment for the purpose of showing me any kind of spring poetry whatsover, if it's the springlest stuff that was ever written to the accompaniment made by the music of the crocuses popping out of the ground and the buds bursting in the leafy boughs. It won't do here. Spring poetry's all right in its place, but this isn't the place. I can my-self stand spring poetry of some brands when I'm sufficiently suffused and warmed up to it by copious flagons of the seasona-ble draught known as bock, but I'm here to consider our readers, and they won't stand for any kind or species of spring poetry whatsoever. They're a crabbed, low-minded lot, our readers, and you couldn't soften 'em up wi... a sand blast. They'd rather read about the probable make-up of the new local nine any day in the week than be given spring poetry by the shovelful, no matter if Swinburne and all the rest of the toppy crowd were to collaborate on the same, and so what's the

use of talking? I—"
"But, my dear sir," the cadaverous man at length contrived to say, "this is not the kind of spring-" "It's all the same, my dear man, all the same, is spring poetry, and I wish you'd go away and let me do my work, said the owner of the sanctum. "I'm going to fire that boy for letting you in against orders, anyhow. I don't care if your spring poem s calculated to just mop up the earth with all the spring poetry that ever happened before, you might just as well try to sell it to a hardware shop or a paving contrac-tor as work it off on us. We don't use it any more than we use lyddite in our busi-Can't I get you to see that? You might just as well try to sell me or to give me, for that matter, a cabinet vapor bath as to sell me or give me a spring

You might just as well-There was a sudden snap, followed by a buzzing, clicking sound that caused the editor to break off and stare at the cadaverous man with open mouth. The cadaverous man had undone that suspicious-look ing roll under his arm, and was exhibiting its mechanism

"As you perceive," he said, "I have here a spring pants presser that's warranted to keep your pantaloons in their original shape without pressing by means of irons for as long as the material of which they are made holds together, and a little con-trivance of this character, selling at the trivial price of a quarter, is something that-

The cadaverous man made a sale and the editor went ahead and wrote an edi-torial headed "Be Sure You're Right, and

## REPEATED HIS TALE. Why He Fell in the Estimation of a

Young Woman. They had been married a year or two, perhaps, and were standing on the corner awaiting the arrival of a street car to carry them to a cozy flat uptown. They bore no placards to that effect, but had that undea chair, and but for the carefulness of a niable "flatty" appearance of folks who live in "four rooms and bath, a.m.i."

> household a little ragamuffin approached with a large box in his arms, the receptacle being filled with smaller boxes containing

"Mister," he said to the senior member of of these, too, particularly the famous one called "Me and Jack." the little family, "won't you please buy some matches, two boxes for a nickel? I wants to get me a pair of shoes."

The glances of the two young people inadvertently turned toward the boy's feet. His once white toes, blackened now by the refuse of the wet asphalt streets, were protruding beyond a much worn leathern cov-'Buy some, Jack," said the young wife.

You know you never have a match when I want one." Jack dug down into the depths of his trousers pockets, and, finding five cents,

made the necessary purchase.
With a low-voiced "Thank you," the little tradesman turned his attention to another group awaiting the coming of the street The wife of the first purchaser lis tened to the boy urging the other people to buy. Then, turning to her husband with fine scorn in her face, she declared:
"It just shows you ought never to buy

structed to do by their employers. They conceive the ideas and execute them, of course—and this work requires them to keep in most careful touch with political affairs—but personally they are in no wise involved in the political antagonisms which their pencils portray. Their position in this respect is identical with that of newspaper men employed by partisan newspapers. The matter of the newspaper man's politics is never inquired into. It is not essential for the purpose for which from any one soliciting on the street. That poy told those other people the same story ne told us about wanting to buy a pair of

Then when Jack suggested that his five cents might not suffice to buy a whole pair of shoes she declared she always knew he didn't really love her.

# HE COULD NOT ANSWER.

The Coal Passer Was One of Those Who Did Not Know.

A well-known naval officer, with an extensive list of stories and a knack in their telling, relates the following yarn as one of the best in his mental storehouse:

"Some one had brought grog aboard ship in goodly quantities, and a large share of the crew reported to quarters one afternoon in anything but a fit condition to work the vessel. Next morning the captain started a rigid investigation of the affair. The crew was again lined up on deck and in turn each member was cate-

"'Goodacre, stand out,' would call the chief petty officer, and then the skipper "'Goodacre, do you know who brought

liquor aboard ship yesterday?"
"'I cannot answer, sir,' the man replied. "So it went through the whole list of the rew, and the officers were well nigh at their wit's end to know how to get at the bottom of the whole affair. Suddenly there appeared a rift in the black cloud of mys-

'A coal passer, just up from the fire hole, came on deck, and walking up to the commander, saluted, saying: "You have not asked me yet, captain."
"A grunt of satisfaction came from the skipper. Here at last was an honest man

among all the crew. He would tell all. "'Well, Smithers, who brought the grog "The man's hand again went to his cap n respectful salute as he said: 'I cannot answer, sir.'

### "What happened to him? Well, it didn't get into the official records."

A Story of Senator Vest. From Harper's Weekly.

Senator Vest is older than his years in fact as well as in appearance. He is ill and despondent and refuses to take a cheerful view of life. Nevertheless his mind is one of the brightest in the Senate. One day he sank into his chair, saying to nis neighbor: "I am an old man, and I'll never get over this." "Come, come, Vest, brace up," replied his neighbor; "brace up, and you'll be all right. Look at Morrill over there; he's nearly ninety and is as spry as a man of forty." "Morrill! Morrill!" said Vest. "He's set for eternity. They'll have to shoot him on the day of

Moral Spoiled From the Catholic Standard and Times.

"Aha!" exclaimed the good woman 'here's a story of a young officer in the Philippines whose life was saved by a Bible which he carried over his heart. A Filipino bullet plerced the—"
"Yes, my dear," interrupted her unregenerate husband, "but a deck of cards in the same place would have answered as DELIRIUM OF GRANDEUR

"I regret to say," said a well-known Corule, are inclined to smile, rather than lumbia Heights man who has lived in to become heated, in the contemplation of Washington all his life, "that the most stucartoons in which they are caricatured, no matter how grotesquely. Senator Hanna, pendous liar I ever met up with was a Washington man. This story's a little bit for example, has often been compelled to literally hold his sides over some of the on me, but I'm going to tell it all the same. I was raised right alongside of this colossal falsifier over in Georgetown, where cartoons in which he has most ponderously, and yet most comically, figured, and it is said that he has preserved the cream of we were both born about the same time. We went to school together. He wasn't a all these cartoons. Mr. McKinley never liar at that time, so far as I can recall, fails to smile at the caricatures of himself. but he certainly did pick up a heap. He recently received from a New York publishing firm a book of cartoons—in

"He went to New York about ten years ago, and, being bright and clever, he caught on pretty well with a big stock brokerage firm over there. After getting on to the stock business he opened a bucket shop about seven years ago, and probably did pretty well at it. But it's 20 to 1 that he never did one twentieth as well as he said he did. "I hadn't seen this chap for a good many

years when I took my wife over to New York to look around during the summer of Then I met him on the street. He was togged out to the nines, and he tainly looked the part of money. dragged me down to his bucket sh press me with what big people he was. Then he began to tell me the most extra-ordinary stories. Said that he'd just returned from a little flying trip to England, and that while he was over there he'd fancy to him, and wanted him to go into business. This looked a bit queer, but I congratulated my boyhood chum on his rise in the world, nevertheless. Asked him, in fact, why he didn't accept Rhodes' offer, and he replied, with a lot of meaning, that he had bigger deals on foot. Told me that he was thicker'n thieves with Russell Sage and J. Pierpont Morgan and that gang, and said that he certainly wanted me to meet them all before returning to Washington. I said I didn't mind. Now, couldn't see any reason why he should lie to me, for I wasn't a possible investor in any stocks or bonds, or anything like that, and so I really thought that this Georgetown boy had made a big climb in the world and won out handsomely.

"By the way, said he to me when I was ready to go, how long are you and your wife going to be in town?" 'Oh, a couple of weeks more,' said I.

"Well, I'm just delighted to hear that,' said this pal of my boyhood. "Tickled to caricatures of himself, but does not com-ment upon them. The points of Mr. Hay's death, in fact. Want you and your wife to have a bit of a cruise in my yacht—a beauty, by the way; heard of her? No? She's called the Minerva—a babe, my boy, when he contemplates the absurd cartoons that are made of him. Mr. Root only glances at the cartoons drawn of him. a babe-214 feet long over the water line, and fitted up something sumptuous. Now, 'm going to take a little ride in her down the Jersey coast next Wednesday-be man that the artists have some trouble in making him look ridiculous. It is said that perhaps a week or ten days. 'Ud like vastly to have you and your wife accompany me as my guests. There'll be a few others. Lord Pauncefote gave vent to many a julet Now, don't tell me that you can't come.'
"'Great Scott!' said I to myself, 'but hasn't this Georgetown boy driven in his

hooks over here! "I said that I'd be glad to fetch my wife along for the cruise

"'Good,' said he. 'Let's see—this is Sat-urday. Well, you be down at the foot of the 22d street pier on the East river at 1 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon, eh? All Good. Now be sure and come. "Well, I'd never had a cruise on a fine

pers piled up on his desk, going over the cartoons and smiling very broadly. Mr. Beveridge, the young senator from Indiana, is said to have carefully preserved all of the cartoons made 3th him eight be cartoons. yacht in my life, and this looked nice, for a fact. When I went to the hotel and told my wife about it she nearly had a conniption fit with joy.

"'Won't it be just lovely!' said she, and she began to plan right away about yachting suits. I think we spent about \$185 in getting sea toggery for that cruise down the Jersey coast. I mentioned the cruise, in a grandiloquent sort of manner, to a er of Washington fellows I knew over in New York, and was a trifle puzzled to kind o' way, but I attributed their dreamy smiles to jealousy.
"Well, diked out in our yachting clothes,

and with a couple of steamer trunks piled on top of the carriage, my wife and I were driven down to the 22d street pier, East river, promptly at 1 o'clock on the following Wednesday. Our eyes weren't regaled by the sight of any long, low, rakish greyhound of the deep, but we figured that perhaps the Minerva hadn't got into her slip yet. The slip, however, was very amply occupied by a large pleasure barge, which was tied up and deserted. It looked odd. I made some inquiries, and none of the men around the dock had ever heard of the Minerva. We waited there until 2 o'clock, and then I began to get suspicious. By this time my wife was more than suspicious. She was fuming. I got to think-ing about those Cecil Rhodes and J. Pieront Morgan and Russell Sage stories, and didn't so much know about that boyho pal of mine from Georgetown. At 2 o'clock we decided to go down town to the young man's office. At half-past 2 we walked in on him in our yachting toggery, presenting, I have no doubt, a queer enough figure on

our way. "Well, my boyhood pal got as pale as a ghost at first when he saw us. But he quickly recovered himself and flushed. My wife, I fear, glared at him a lot, but he

was a cool chap. "'Well,' said I, in what was probably a pretty haughty tone, 'when are you going to start on the Minerva?' "He rushed toward me with both hands

'Great heavens my boy!' he exclaimed. 'didn't you get my telegram?'
"'Telegram, nothing,' said I. "Why, come right outside here,' said he, picking up his hat—his idea was to get

out of sight of my wife, and, under the circumstances, I didn't blame him—'and I'll tell you about it. Never got my telegram, eh? Too bad! too bad!" "We got outside in front of his office, and then he turned to me with the most serious

countenance in the world, and said, with suppressed emotion: "Why, the d-d yacht blew up! I wired "Oh, well; I needn't go into details of the line of conversation I dished out to that

pal of my youth in Georgetown, right the and there. He looked real grieved while told him things, and you'd have thought he was the most injured man in the world. "That evening I saw some of those Wash ington friends aforesaid, who had smile dreamily when I mentioned my cruise on the Minerva. I told 'em of how out-rageously my wife and I had been imposed upon. They remarked, drily, that the chum of my youthful days had been suffering for some years with an affliction known as the delirium of grandeur. But they were a whole lot too charitable. He was the most monolithic liar that ever hit up a macadamized highway, and that's all there is about it. We've get these yeathting dud. about it. We've got those yachting duds yet, and the Gargantuan liar, I understand, is now a freight clerk for a railroad company out in St. Louis. He was too swift a liar even for the New York crowd, and he lied himself out of business. I'm sorry that he hails from this community of moder-ately veracious folks."

#### Vegetables as Medicines. From the London Express.

As most people are aware, vegetables possess various medicinal qualities. Here are some worth bearing in mind. Asparagus is very cooling and easily digested. Caubage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and broccoli are cooling, nutritive, laxative and purifying to the blood, and also act as tonics, but should not be eaten too freely by delicate persons. Celery is good for rheumatic and gouty persons. Lettuces are very wholesome. They are slightly narcotic, and lull and calm the mind narcotic, and lull and calm the mind. Spinach is particularly good for rheumatism and gout, and also in kidney diseases. Onlons are good for chest ailments and colds, but do not agree with all. Watercresses are excellent tonics and cooling. Beetroot is very cooling and highly nutritious, owing to the amount of sugar it contains. Parsley is cooling and purifying. Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips and artichokes are highly nutritious, but not so digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes artichokes are hightly nutritious, but not so digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes are the most nourishing and are fattening for nervous persons. Tomatoes are healthgiving and purifying, either eaten raw or cooked. Chili, cayenne, horesradish and mustard should be used sparingly. They give a zest to the appetite, and are valua-ble stomachics. Radishes are the same but are indigestible, and should not be

The Last Resort. From the Detroit Journal.

change their entire system, and new lasts that we did not work over one season were put under our boilers for fuel. The uniformity of the prevailing style of toe is not only sensible, but will not, in my opinion, be radically changed for years, because it appeals to the seed sense of wearers and is in perfect style. Into these dense masses of humanity the police pour volley after volley; but the mob waver not. "Perdition!" hisses the chief. "They

drive me to the last resort. Their blood be

upon their own heads!" Ordering then the mad dog kept for suc Filipino bullet pierced the—"
"Yes, my dear," interrupted her unregenerate husband, "but a deck of cards in the same place would have answered as well."

From the Ohio State Jeans!

Managing editor—"Did you find it difficult to interview Minister Wu Ting-Fang?"

New reporter—"Dead stasy! All I had to do was to answer questions."

Ordering then the mad dog kept for such extreme occasions to be brought, he directs his men to fire upon it.

Now, it is scarcely necessary to say, the mob break and run, leaving many of their number dead or wounded.

# VARIED CAREER

Remarkable Experience in the Life of a Missionary.

BEEN SAILOR AND ACTOR

Expects to Work Among the People of the Stage.

TRIALS AND HARDSHIPS

Written for The Evening Star.

Among the men who do missionary work in our cities there are many who have led strange lives. Men who have been gamblers, card sharpers, prize fighters, thugs, corner loafers and even professional criminals, as well as the reclaimed wrecks of many honorable trades and professions may be found doing the work of the missions. In the whole list, however, there will hardly be one whose life story is stranger than that of Ben J. Scoville, who is now preparing at the Christian Alliance School in Nyack, N. Y., for special missionary work among stage folk. Scoville has been in his thirty years of life street gamin, cabin boy, ship's cook, tramp, chore boy, actor, reciter, teacher of elocution and at one time assistant stage manager for Sir Henry Irving. In his experience on the seas he was chief witness for the conviction of Hughes, one of the most brutal murderers in the history of crime.

Scoville was born in London, England, thirty years ago. His father, an officer in the British army, was killed in the Zulu war, leaving a widow and two children, Ben and a baby sister. The mother, through elocutionary and musical talent, supported the children in comparative com fort until she suddenly died. On the day of her burial, while a salute of honor was ing fired over her grave, the children were deserted by their guardian, who left them penniless and friendless in London. They drifted into the Whitechapel district, and managed during warm weather to eke out a precarlous living, Ben earning a few pennies a day as a newsboy, street sweeper and bootblack. At night they slept in alleys, under wagons or wherever shelter offered.

### Death of His Sister.

Then came the winter days and on the night of the first snow storm of the season the homeless waifs crawled into a hogshead which stood in the shadow of Nelson monument, in Trafalgar Square. Ben wrapped his sister with his thin coat to keep her warm. The snow drifted in upon them, and the next morning, when Ben, benumbed, awoke, his little companion was dead. The next day she was buried in the public burial field, four newsboys acting as bearers, and Ben made the first great resolution of his life, that he would earn enough some day to have the body exhumed and laid to rest

beside their mother.

The sea had an attraction for him. He visited the wharves until he secured a place as cabin boy with Capt. Hoyle, on the ship Vanguard. On this vessel he remained several years, and was promoted to be cook's assistant. The captain's daughter, Mary, helped him with his studies, and he grew very fond of her. One day, while she was playing ball on the deck, a sudden lurch of the ship threw her overboard. Ben plunged after her and with considerable difficulty kept her affoat until both were hauled on board. For this bravery, on his return to London, he was presented with five pounds by the Royal Humane Society. He had saved two pounds out of his wages and at once proceeded to gratify his long-cherished desire. He had his sister's body removed from the public burial field and buried by her mother. He then returned to the sea, this time as steward's assistant on from Rio de Janeiro to London.

### Witnessed a Brutal Murder On the Priscilla was a feeble-minded boy

whom Hughes had taken to sea in return for 100 pounds paid by the lad's guardians. This boy, from the time he left London, was subjected to gross indignities and cruelties inflicted by the captain and his mate. On Christmas day the outrages approached the climax. The boy was brought to mess and given only the bones which the ship's dog had gnawed. When the little fel-low reached out his hand for some plum duff the mate struck him a blow with a carving knife, cutting a deep gash in his hand. The blood spurted on Ben, who tore up his only white shirt to stanch the flow and make bandages. On New Year eve, as Ben and a companion were on deck, they saw Capt. Hughes and the mate bring the boy out. There was an altercation and loud oaths, and the boy was struck. As he shrieked with pain Capt. Hughes lifted him from the deck, carried him to the rail and hurled him into the sea. There was one Ben and his fellow witness of the crime said nothing, but when they reached Lon-don Ben promptly informed the murdered lad's guardians. Hughes and the mate

were arrested, tried, convicted upon Ben's testimony and were sentenced to be hang-ed. On the night before his execution in Newgate prison Hughes confessed that he had acted as principal or accessory in the murder of more than thirty boys in the same way. Most of them were feeble-minded, and generally guardians paid £100

### for having them taken to sea. Shipwrecked and Sick.

He endured many hardships, and on his last voyage as a sailor was shipwrecked. He drifted ten days in an open boat, subsisting on a biscuit and a gill of water a day. After his rescue he underwent a long sickness in the Marine Hospital, London. On being discharged he worked his way on a cattle steamer to this country struck out for Buffalo, thinking from the name of that city that the biggest cattle ranges must be there. He learned differ-ently, but subsisted a while by doing odd jobs and by dancing hornpipes in saloons. He then went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he engaged with a doctor to do chores for \$1 a

Once more Ben returned to the ocean

week and his board, with the great added privilege of attending school. Ben cared for two horses, waited on the doctor's wife and daughters and did a lot of other menlal work; but he stuck it out until he grad-uated from Cleveland High School. Then he went to Birmingham, Ala., and paid his way for a year in Howard College by ring-ing the college bell, acting as agent for a laundry and doing chores. From Alabama he went to Colorado and secured work in Stratton's great Independence mine in Cripple Creek, earning enough to enable him to progress in his studies in Colorado College, Colorado Springs. Then came a miners' strike and he lost his job.

On the Road. Scoville went next to Chicago, where he

failed to find employment, and sold his watch to pay railroad fare to Cleveland. From Cleveland he walked to Batavia, N. Y., where he earned enough by washing the windows of the Y. M. C. A. building to carry him to Lyons. At Lyons the Rev. Mr. Ostrander became interested in him, and secured him a church collection ilar assistance was given him in Port By-ron, and from there he went to Beston.

Full of hope, Ben then applied to Man-ager Frank W. Hale of the New England Conservatory, and begged admission as a student in elecution and oratory. An arrangement was made whereby earn his tuition fees and expenses by work-ing six to ten hours a day in the model chine shops and printing department He applied himself closely, and was grad-uated with honors in December, 1896. He then began his professional career.

For a time he supported himself in Syracuse as a reciter, then traveled about the country until he met "The Sign of the Cross" company at Peoria and joined it. When Wilson Barrett took him to England with his English company, and Scoville had a wide stage experience on the other nad a wide stage experience on the other side playing such diverse parts as Tubal in "The Merchant of Venice," Duncan in "Macbeth," Jacques in "As You Like It." Nero in "The Sign of the Cross," Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore" and Queen of Fairles in "Jack and the Beanstalk," he was for a time assistant stage manager for a was for a time assistant stage manager for "Robespiere" with Henry Irving's company. In Manchester Scoville met and fell in love with a girl whom he married at the termination of his engagement with Irving's company. They came to this country and he got a position as professor of elocution in the high school at Galveston, Tex. On the day of the flood he was in the high school building and, with others, was penned there by the water. All the next day he searched for his wife and in the evening he found her body in the ruins.

In Missionary Work.

Grief-stunned and without ambition, Scoville came to New York and wandered aimlessly about the city. By chance he went into a missionary meeting, where a former opera singer was holding special meetings, and decided to join the mission ary work. He is now taking the regular course, and intends to work not only among the stage folk, but among those who have failed to establish themselves on the stage and are drifting or have drifted into dis-solute ways of life. Of New York, the Mecca of the stage-struck, he recently wrote to a friend:

"I believe a great work can be done among actors and actresses, especially among those that have been disappointed in the life of the stage, and want to make something of themselves and get into a respectable way of living before they graduate down on the Bowery and Water street. I hope that God will open up the way for me to start this neglected good work. And now if you know any young men or women who are starting in on the stage, tell them to stay out of New York city, for it is overrun; but if they must seek the metropolis, let them be sure and secure a return ticket and take good care

## FAMOUS LONDON WINE HOUSES. Two Old Establishments to Be De-

molished for Strand Improvements. From the London Chronicle. The phrase "Wines from the Wood" is

said to have been coined by the gentleman who, forgotten himself, is perpetuated at "Short's," in the Strand. This famous wine house, founded in 1726, already hears the thunder of the county council's months, we learn, it will disappear to the eye. But the cellars of "Short's" are another matter. These extend across the Strand to the Somerset House, and to a considerable distance in other directions. In their labyrinths an eighteenth century employe is said to have lost his way, and never to have been seen again. And the tale goes that once a year, in April, mysterious bells ring below, and a moaning sound wanders among the immemorial

A new "Short's" will, of course, replace the old, and meanwhile attention will doubtless be drawn to the career of the origina! Mr. Short. He seems to have been a character as well as a good man of business. He would not serve his customers with more than one glass of wine at a visit, and attempts to obtain a second glass by slipping out at one door and entering in masquerade by another, are said to have been not worth making. Mr. Short died rich, and his successors have borne other names. But "Short's" is "Short's" still, and even Somerset House will hardly seem the same until it is again faced

by its monosyllabic neighbor.

Among the host of public houses about to be demolished for the Strand improve-ment is one in Catherine street which bears the unique sign of the Two Spies. Of course, it is a Bible sign, and refers to the Israelites' invasion of the Promise Land. To judge from such signs the alliance between beer and the Bible would seem more ancient than the political confederacy between the publican and the parson of these later days. There are seven Adam and Eves in London, and five Noah's Arks, and, of course, connected with that, five Olive Branches. two Jacob's Wells, and one Job's Castle, and one Samson's Castle. Strangest of all, but not the least appropriate, is Simon the Tanner, in Long lane, Bermondsey, the seat of the tanning industry in South Lon-

A Question. From Harper's Bazar.

Hewitt-"If you want to succeed you must have confidence in yourself." Jewitt-"But how can a man have confidollars a week?"

HEARD ON THE S. E. R.



"Yes, he is now, but he was a small boy when we started."